

Mrs. Peacock #1

Clue: On Stage

17

START

PEACOCK. (*Nearing hysteria, all in nearly one breath:*) Well, I guess I'll break the ice, I mean, I'm used to being a hostess; it's part of my husband's work, plus I always host the ladies' group from my church on Sundays. It's difficult when a group of new friends meet for the first time, so I'll start the ball rolling . . . I mean, I have no idea what we're doing here, but I'm very intrigued and oh, my, this soup's delicious isn't it?

(*The GUESTS stare at her, bewildered.*)

WHITE. I think hosting parties is deathly boring.

PEACOCK. Well, it's an integral part of my life as the wife of a oh, I forgot we're not supposed to say who we really are.

GREEN. I know who you are.

[MUSIC CUE #16]

PEACOCK. (*Removing her glasses nervously:*) How do you know who I am?

GREEN. I work in Washington, too.

PLUM. Oh, so you're a politician's wife?

PEACOCK. (*Put off by PLUM:*) Yes, I—I am.

SCARLET. So . . . who's your husband? (*Cheekily:*) Maybe I know him.

PEACOCK. (*Vaguely offended, changing the subject:*) Mrs. White, what does your husband do?

WHITE. Nothing.

PEACOCK. Nothing?

WHITE. Well, he . . . just lies around on his back all day.

SCARLET. (*With a sexy wink:*) Sounds like hard work to me.

WHITE. He lies around on his back because he's no longer alive.

(*Thunder/lightning.*)

PEACOCK. So, what do you do in Washington, D.C., Mr. Green?

GREEN. I'd better not say. I like to follow the rules.

PEACOCK. Oh, come on. How are we to get acquainted if we don't say anything about ourselves? No judgments here; we're all God's children.

WHITE. I don't believe in God.

PEACOCK. Well, if I wasn't trying to keep the conversation going, then we would just be sitting here in an embarrassed silence.

STOP

Mrs. Peacock #2

42 Jonathan Lynn with Hunter Foster, Eric Price, & Sandy Rustin

ANN. No!

WADSWORTH. But I think there's a phone in the Lounge

MOTORIST. Thank you.

(WADSWORTH brings the MOTORIST to the door of the Lounge as the others look on.)

WADSWORTH. Right through this door. When you've made your call, perhaps you would be good enough to wait in there?

MOTORIST. Certainly.

(WADSWORTH opens the door, lets the MOTORIST in. Closes and locks the door.)

WADSWORTH. Now listen...

(The GUESTS crouch down together in one move.)

WADSWORTH. . . . The police are on their way. *(Checks his watch:)* I estimate in another 29 minutes or so. That gives us plenty of time.

PEACOCK. To do what? Get killed?

WADSWORTH. It's true we must identify the murderer but my immediate concern is recovering the evidence!

PEACOCK. But how?!

MUSTARD. I suggest we handle this in proper military fashion. We split up, and search the house.

PEACOCK. Split up!?

MUSTARD. Yes!

PEACOCK. But one of us might run into the murderer!

YVETTE. Mon Dieu!

MUSTARD. Then one of us will have discovered who the murderer is!

PEACOCK. But then one of us will be dead!

MUSTARD. This is war, Peacock! Casualties are inevitable. You cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs—every cook will tell you that.

PEACOCK. But look what happened to the cook!

~~GREEN. Colonel, are you willing to take that chance?~~

~~MUSTARD. What choice do we have?~~

~~SCARLET. None.~~

Start
→

Stop